The
COMMONWEAL

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THE WEEK 511
THE SCHOOLTEACHER AND THE COMMISSAR *Helen Iswolsky* 513
THE COMMUNIST MANIFESTO *Waldemar Gurian* 516
A SCIENTIST READS DAS KAPITAL *Anthony Standen* 519
MARXISM FROM ANOTHER ANGLE *Ignazio Silone* 521
CATHOLIC INTERNATIONAL NEWS 523
THE SCREEN *Philip T. Hartung* 524
THE SWORD OF HONOR (Verse)—*Tom Boggs*
BOOKS 525
Gandhi's Autobiography—The Cleft Rock—James Joyce: Two Decades of Criticism—The Town Below—Find Me in Fire—Northwest Corner—Village Greens of New England—Woman With a Sword—Early Tales of the Atomic Age.

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Declining Productivity

LABOR DAY is again running true to form with its spate of hortatory messages. Business and organized labor are urged to cooperate wholeheartedly. Congress is advised to modify the Taft-Hartley Act, either in the direction of making it tougher or of retracting certain of the law's restrictions on union activities (for instance the provisions which result in barring seamen's union hiring halls). Business is urged to be satisfied with lower profits, workers to forego new rounds of higher wages and everyone to resist increasing living costs. Dominating all this free advice is the appeal to the workers to support their organizations to the hilt, to consolidate present gains, to press ever onward for further betterment of wages and working conditions.

There is one element which received little attention in the welter of Labor Day statements: the productivity of many American workers is declining. That might not sound surprising to a man who in recent months has tried to get some needed repairs done on his house or who has heard how few bricks are now laid in a day. What workers turn out per man hour in the building trades, currently, is notoriously below pre-war.

In the case of the thirty-four varied industries surveyed by Will Lissner for the New York *Times* a similar conclusion is more alarming. Declining or stationary productivity for the great majority of these major enterprises is ascribed more to lack of improved machinery and to shortages of materials than to shirking on the part of labor. But the importance of the latter has been indicated by a recent poll conducted by the National Industrial Conference Board which indicated that union restrictions on output and material shortages were most frequently cited as explanations for decreases in productivity.

In the ideal there should be a steady and substantial increase in productivity per man hour in American industry due to improved methods (a number of them undoubtedly originating in the employees' suggestion box), advances in machinery and improved individual skills. The gains from this happy increment should then be equitably distributed—part being plowed back into the company for reserves and research, part going to higher wages or profit-sharing on the part of the wokers and part being reflected in lower prices for the consumer. There would be much discussion as to the exact proportions of such calculations, but the principle would be widely accepted.

With decreasing productivity and higher prices manifest in so many industries, the controversy is today on another plane. Everyone kicks about prices. Unions harp on high corporate profits. Management complains of continually higher labor costs. Just as in the realm of campaign oratory the President and the Republican leadership in Congress blame each other for failing to take the steps necessary to halt the welling of inflation.

The proverbial visitor from Mars might find it difficult to understand why a worker should feel unhappy that his company was making money, or, to a lesser extent, that an executive should feel reluctant about good wages. A social philosopher might have to be called in to explain to the astral visitor why the question of productivity generally seems as a joint problem to be of such secondary concern.

The shooting war has now been over for more than three years. At the end of a similar interval in 1921 American industry had registered a sharp increase in productivity which continued for eight years. The exact figure is impossible to determine but the trend in the opposite direction after this war is unmistakable; in many instances per unit labor costs have risen more sharply since 1945 than when the war was on and expense was no object.

Two main causes for anxiety about our present American economy are its dependence on rearma-

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ment and government purchases for overseas, and its inflationary character. New government controls are unlikely to be called into play to check the latter. Within the next twelve months foods and fiber prices should recede, and if the trend in productivity could be reversed by joint labor-management effort, runaway inflation might at last be stemmed.

Crimson Faces at the Pier

SAILING from Europe next month for the United States are the first few of some people we haven't seen since the summer of 1945. And, as we remember it, these people weren't too bright and happy the last time we saw them: shuffling along the roads of Western Europe, dragging everything from straw mattresses to bread in a rickety wooden cart, moving along to the nearest camp for "displaced persons." Since then, they have been tested, fumigated, catalogued and fought over; some of them have gone home, and of the remaining 600,000, the US, according to the Displaced Persons Act of 1948, will receive up to 205,000.

On the mathematical face of it, this looks like a fairly generous welcome we're extending. But from all we can find out, there may be some embarrassment on the faces of our welcoming citizens.

For it seems that few of us think this DP Act is a decent thing at all. The hitch comes in a time-clause included in it, which restricts eligibility to those DP's who entered the camps in Germany, Austria or Italy by December 22, 1945. It's sort of a turnstile gag: come late and you miss the game and all the fun. Amongst those left standing outside the gate is the largest percentage of the Jewish DP's, and with them a large number of people of various nationalities and religious conviction who are simply to be told, "Sorry, try again sometime."

Signing the bill, President Truman didn't like what he read; he therefore asked the Congress, in special session, "to wipe out these discriminations." Mr. Dewey joined forces on this issue, and asked Republican Senator Revercomb, of West Virginia, chairman of a Senate Judiciary subcommittee considering the amendment, to report it out of committee promptly to the Congress, where an amendment, changing the DP Act of 1948, was assured consideration. However, Senators Revercomb, Donnell, and McCarran voted against their political leaders' wishes and blocked any possible Congressional action by one vote. Nothing was done.

And so now the DP's have a new woe, and this time it's not the fault of a strutting strong man in Europe. Now, strangely enough, they are caught up in the democratic processes of a free country, where someone seems to be thinking of human lives in terms of queued-up customers for a baseball game. Apparently, none of the Presidential candidates really wants to see the DP's treated in this way, and it's a safe thing to predict that we'll be hearing from them soon on the subject, when campaign oratory, in this election year, reaches the stage of pledges and protestations. Luckily, the final authority in a democracy still lies with its voting public, and this issue of a fair DP Act shapes up as a good test for us, if, as the President stated, "we mean what we say when we talk about freedom, humanity, and international cooperation for peace and prosperity."

Hot Weather and Life

A BAD THING about excessive heat waves, like the large scale end of August one, is the stupor left behind when the mercury finally does go down and the beautiful breeze blows. People forget the upper 90's and over 100's as stupidly as they do the last time at the dentist's, and perpetuate dull saws on the weather being something everybody talks about and nobody does anything about. It is perfectly possible to do something about the weather.

This country gives the impression of trying to fight straight through weather, bending neither to right nor to left, and pretending in practical affairs that there isn't any. A kind of Hawaii complex. It would seem to take extraordinary density to mistake St. Louis or Chicago for Honolulu, but we manage it with disastrous ease. In fact, the American climate is for the most part terrible. Its continental type extremes make worse than arctic weather in winter and hotter than tropical in summer. There are thousands of miles fit properly for migrating wild animals and for the hardiest, most stoical Redskins, where habit-ridden modern citizens blunder on, refusing to recognize they are perilously and needlessly miserable. There is nothing to compare with it: even the fabulous Englishmen wear shorts in Africa, take a siesta in the Caribbean, and drink fantastic quantities of stiff gin and quinine in the Indies. Our great cities in a hot spell are designed exclusively for mad dogs.

The aboriginal Mayans, several millenia ago, and just as intelligently today, have been reasonable enough to wear no more than white pyjamas when occupied among the urban monuments of Chichen-Itza. In New York one wears a coat and a hat and a shirt and a tie and most likely an undershirt which can't be seen anyway. Unless there is some kind of rare strike which makes front page news in the papers—as in Detroit last week—the hours and conditions of labor go on mechanically, 8 or 9 A.M. to 5 P.M., summer or winter, rain or sun, zero or a hundred above. The first thought of every small town across the nation, as it begins to hope, for some obscure

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reason, to grow less small, is to cut down the elms along Main Street in order to concentrate internal combustion heat machines where the increasing number of citizens are supposed to spend their days and their pitiful lives. When a city gets really big, it functions as one vast radiator, exaggerating and holding the hottest hot and the coldest cold so that the climate's natural meanness is rendered positively vile by the perverse works of man. Far into the erstwhile country we carry our blight, at an ideal speed of fifty miles per hour. The green and cool and beautiful is bulldozed off the bulging shoulders of state and national highways so that Wilson Avenue and the Grand Concourse lengthen out from the Catskills to Wisconsin and from Portland, Maine, to the sun stricken beaches of San Diego. From Coast to Coast, sweating is socially acceptable.

It could be, indeed, seriously symbolical. The ingenious industrial machine does not know nature except to exploit, cut through, and destroy her. Read about the parlous state of water in the American Forestry Association magazine, or, shorter now, in *Readers Digest*. As water wastes, the temperature goes up. Widely circulating this summer are the coolly terrorizing books by Fairfield Osborn and William Vogt, concerned scientifically with the plundering of the planet and the dubious survival of the human race. In these impracticable latitudes, overheating inexorably accompanies starvation. These recent, slowly progressing heat fronts, simmering the masses of the mass producing cities, ought to be teaching us, if we had any sense, to take off our shirts and work with our heads.

The School-teacher and the Commissar

HELEN ISWOLSKY

BEFORE and after Oksana Kasenkina's leap from the Soviet consulate window, Soviet officials stubbornly maintained that she, as well as the other Soviet school-teacher, Samarin, had been "kidnaped" by the "White Russian underground." After Kasenkina's dramatic escape, no sane person could believe these accusations; even in the most fanciful tales of crime and adventure there is no example of a person jumping out of a window and breaking his bones in order to get free from his rescuers. But the man in the street, reading his morning and evening paper, listening to the radio and looking at the newsreels, may still wonder about these so-called "White Russians" who helped the Soviet school-teachers to escape their terrible fate. It so happens that the author of these lines has known for many years some of the *dramatis personae* of what has become known as a *cause célèbre*. So let it first of all be stated that they are not "White Russians," nor "underground," but people like the author herself, formed by the Russian democratic and humanitarian tradition. "White" originally meant in Russia anti-Communist armies of the civil wars, as opposed to the "Reds" in the early years of the Bolshevik revolution. Later, "White Russians" came to mean extreme reactionary groups. As shown in this article, the people who helped Kasenkina's escape were none of them reactionaries; nor had they been participants of the White Army struggles. For that reason they have rejected communism, accepted exile and have found in America a haven of freedom and humanity. However, these people, far more than the author, have *lived* and *practiced* their faith, through struggle and adversity, hard work and heartache. Their story should be told, for it seems today that their victory over the evil forces which they encountered was a decisive moral victory, which goes far beyond present excitements.

No "underground methods" were required to bring Kasenkina in touch with the people who were ready to help her. It was sufficient to call Vladimir Zenzinov, who immediately met the school-teacher, as the ship which should have taken her to Russia was leaving port. Zenzinov, in turn, called Reed Farm in Rockland County and spoke to Alexandra Tolstoy. Then, quite openly, by bus and in broad daylight, he took Kasenkina to the grounds where the great Russian novelist's daughter, now an American citizen, has established a rural colony; not a colony of specific "White Russians," but open to all non-Communist Russians who need work and help.

I can now recall that some friends and myself took Zenzinov for the first time to Reed Farm six or seven years ago; we were both starting our new life in America, where he had come some time before me. I had known him in Paris, had worked with him and borrowed from him material on Russia past and present, for he knew his country well—economically, socially, politically. He was an experienced journalist and a keen observer. He had been an active member of the Russian Socialist-Revolutionary party and had taken part in the first 1917 democratic revolution. Since the Communist October *coup d'état*, he had lived in exile. He had always remained a confirmed Socialist in the true Russian liberal tradition, opposed both to tsarism and to communism. This was not his first exile; in Tsarist days he had been sentenced as a political offender to several years beyond the Polar Circle. There Zenzinov studied arctic fauna and flora and taught the natives. Years after this experience, and even when he came to Paris, he kept up his interest in the Russian North. There is

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little of the "mystery man" about Zenzinov. A quiet, unassuming person who looks more like a scholar than like a militant; a man of strong convictions, which make him extraordinarily stubborn. Restrained and shy in his intercourse with people, one senses in him an unbending dedication to truth and an austere sense of social responsibility. There is really nothing personal in this tribute to Vladimir Zenzinov; there are many like him among the men who fought for Russia's freedom. But in him we find blended most of their characteristic traits, unknown to the public at large, because they are not made for headlines and press photographers' flash bulbs. While others were in the news (in which he, too, was to appear one day inadvertently in so spectacular a fashion), this quiet, bespectacled blue-eyed man was writing books and articles, attentively, patiently studying the Soviet press, still sharing, from his distant observation post the sufferings and struggles of the Russian people. He published a moving book on the *"Bezprizorny,"* the abandoned children of Bolshevik Russia. Later, when the war broke out between the USSR and Finland, Zenzinov went there as war correspondent. On the battlefields he found scattered among the war dead, thousands of letters received or written by the soldiers of the Red Army. He patiently collected and classified them, brought them to America and published them: it was one of the first testimonies we had of what Soviet man feels and thinks. And Zenzinov always stressed the difference between Russia's inhuman totalitarian rulers and the masses of the Russian people, true to *another* ideal, and crushed under a ruthless yoke.

Zenzinov, and that is also typical of the men of his group, has no other life but a life of service to his fellow men; not only on the social and political plane, but also on the humanitarian plane. If he is not writing and studying he is helping people in distress, whether friends or unknown sufferers. If a Russian intellectual is hungry in France, if a Russian DP camp in Germany needs clothes and books, Zenzinov will worry friends and organizations until parcels are sent. He is one of the leading spirits of the fund for exiled Russian writers. He is always available for a work of mercy, of salvage, of rescue. This is why he was available for the help which Kasenkina needed, and which took them both to Reed Farm. And there they found someone else who is always available too, whose life is also a life of completely selfless work and service.

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Most of those who read these lines have seen Alexandra Tolstoy's pictures in the press and movies; if they are familiar with Leo Tolstoy's portraits, they must have noticed the extraordinary likeness of father and daughter. For Russians, who vividly recall the great novelist, this likeness is even more striking. Alexandra Lvovna (meaning Alexandra daughter of Leo, which is the polite way of addressing her in Russian) is the youngest of the Tolstoy family; she was Tolstoy's Cordelia, since she accompanied him during his last journey, when he left his home so dramatically, a short time before his death. More than any other child of his, no doubt, she bears his stamp, and not only physically; her heart and mind were shaped by him. Strong and rather heavily set, there is in her a kindliness and gentleness which often goes with physical strength. She can plow and reap on the farm as her father did, and she will carry a bushel of tomatoes or potatoes with no apparent effort; but I have also seen her lift an invalid in her arms with infinite care, and she will keep the children at the farm from becoming over-boisterous without ever raising her voice. When she is not on the job, which is not often, she goes fishing alone on Rockland Lake, and says that nature and the silence of nature are the most potent remedies of the troubled soul. I have heard her sing old Russian songs with great charm, accompanying herself on the guitar. She plays the piano too, as they used to play in Russian country houses, as it was played at Yasnaya Poliana, her father's famous home, with a great love of music, and also with a great knowledge of it, but without the slightest pretension. In the evenings she likes to be read aloud to, or will read aloud herself from her father's works. Tolstoy's portrait hangs in the living room, his books are on the library shelves. But actually he is everywhere present. It is symbolical, we agreed, as I talked to her the other day, that the waves of madness and fury which surrounded Kasenkina's flight broke here, under the sign of the advocate of non-resistance.

Reed Farm, "the nest of White Russian bandits," as the Soviet Consul-General described it, is an old American estate in the beautiful Hudson Valley; it was given to the Tolstoy Foundation by the Harkness family. I was one of the first to live there, for Alexandra Tolstoy offered the farm's hospitality to my family and to myself when we came to America, at a time her project was just starting. It was there that I worked for my first food and board in America, and it was there that later on I wrote "Light Before Dusk." We were a small colony of Russian refugees who had fled Europe and the Nazis, and who were "resettled" in the United States with Alexandra Tolstoy's help. Since those days the project has grown considerably; there is a large chicken farm, fields of corn and vegetable gardens, cows and pigs, and there is a fine canning establishment and a cellar well stocked with home-made preserves. It is a typically American farm

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and yet it is also typically Russian. Many of the buildings have been put up by Russian carpenters and painters, some of them workers at the farm, others volunteers who come over week ends. The true Russian community spirit, free and brotherly, so different from Communist regimentation, is strong in every branch of the farm's activities. This spirit is never preached nor imposed; it grows of itself and almost beyond expectation. Indeed, every social worker knows how difficult it is to "make people live together." I have seen strong individuals at Reed Farm rejoicing in the bumper crop of pumpkins or in an imposing row of dill-pickle jars, as if it were their own personal achievement. For many years, and until her death, my dear friend Anna Andreiev, the widow of the famous Russian playwright, Leonid Andreiev, was in charge of the egg-packing department. In the evenings she would read to us "He Who Gets Slapped." She was an expert at reading, and had always, she told us, read Andreiev's plays aloud to him. She also read Tolstoy's stories to Alexandra Lvovna. They would play *"vint"* together—a fascinating card game, which was, so to say, the precursor of bridge, and which Leo Tolstoy was fond of (see his journals).

Does all this seem irrelevant to Kasenkina's tragic escape? We do not think so. For it was to Reed Farm that she came, not to some abstract geographical spot on the map, but to this living community. It was there that she took her place and was assigned a job, one, by the way, which I held myself in 1941-42, and which was described by the Soviet Consul-General as "slave labor." I am told that one of the first things Kasenkina did at Reed Farm was to attend Mass in the Russian Orthodox Chapel of Reed Farm. This is indeed an indication of the deep spiritual hunger of the Soviet people. Kasenkina is not and was never a Communist. She was simply a Russian school-teacher, very much like those, I believe, who taught at Yasnaya Poliana in Tolstoy's schools. One of Tolstoy's former teachers, Martha Knudson, is the manager of Reed Farm. Her name fits her well, for if "she is troubled about many things," it is certainly not about herself. She sleeps in a cubicle, which any "rugged individualist" would reject with horror. She is the first to rise and the last to go to bed. She has supervised every branch of Reed Farm: the refectory, the kitchen, the chicken farm, but her favorite job is the children's camp, which houses about fifty in summer.

Ages at Reed Farm vary from fifteen days to eighty-five years. Several births have occurred there recently. There have been funerals, and there is always sickness and distress to be eased and comforted. There are also weddings and baptisms. The chapel is small, but decorated with love and with a great deal of liturgical sense. The choir is composed of people living at the farm and some friends from outside. There is a resident Orthodox priest, a good man and a good social worker, who has shown many new arrivals how "to live together." The iconostasis is the work of the farm's carpenter, a fine piece of craftsmanship. It is also this carpenter who reads the epistle at Mass.

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Speaking in the formal language of social work, the Tolstoy Foundation has four principal assignments: 1) the task of bringing Russian refugees from DP camps abroad, with individual affidavits and the help of American immigration authorities. (Until July, 1948, corporate affidavits obtained through Church World Service were available.) 2) Tracing relatives and friends capable of helping the DPs, and located upon their request. 3) Sending food parcels, clothing and medicines to DP camps. 4) Resettlement of DPs arriving in America, who find temporary shelter and work at the farm until they get a permanent job elsewhere.

"Resettlement" means many things. It means finding a roof and daily meals (including borstch and Russian meat pies), when a room in New York and a lunch counter are well beyond a DP's resources. It means not having to depend on charity, but taking part immediately in the work of a flourishing and dynamic community. It means not being an outcast in a foreign land, but becoming the member of a family, with one's own people and one's own church. But it also means learning gradually and harmoniously about life over here. For Reed Farm is America. As I walked the farm's grounds last weekend I saw the children from the camp raising the American flag. There are courses in English at the farm and in nearby Nyack, so that the DP can learn the language before he looks for a job. And he learns the American way of life from Reed Farm's American neighbors, from the country store and the post office and the station master of the Valley-Cottage village. He also learns the American way of life from his fellow Russians, who have come to this country before him, some of them American-born GIs, students or recent American citizens. After the terrible ordeal of the war, after the camps of Germany, resettlement is also a moral reorientation; it requires time and human understanding. The air of freedom is something to which we are so accustomed that we are almost unaware of it. But to many a DP, freedom is an almost startling initiation.

Who are the inmates of Reed Farm? Intellectuals, technicians, families with small children, old people and young, artists, writers, musicians, rural workers and craftsmen, men who write

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books, men who drive a tractor. There is no class distinction, no discrimination, and no one has the feeling of "having outstayed his welcome." However, when an inmate of Reed Farm feels that he is really on his feet he moves along and gets a job outside, so that others may take his place. And there are many *others* on the waiting list. With the new DP legislation, the problem of resettlement will grow from day to day. But even before this, the project has been constantly expanding. Alexandra Tolstoy's assistant, Tatiana Shaufuss, has been working for many months in Germany in DP camps as consultant of Church World Service for the Russian Orthodox groups. Moreover, there is not only the DP problem in Alexandra Lvovna's mind. There are Russians "out of luck" in America too. Old Russian *émigrés,* sick and poor, young Russian children whose parents cannot afford a family vacation, intellectuals whose works do not sell. And there are also people "in luck" who come to Reed Farm as devotees of the work they have seen there, or in memory of Tolstoy, or out of friendship for his daughter. Russian artists and scientists come to Reed Farm on pilgrimage. The Don Cossacks and the Russian Ballet pay occasional visits. And over weekends come the children's parents from New York, and American friends: pastors, social workers, members of philanthropic and youth organizations. All these people need accommodation, food, shelter in which to spend the day when it rains. For a couple of summers and more, Alexandra Tolstoy had no room she could call her own; she was continually giving up her bed and sleeping out on the porch. Now she has moved into a small cottage away from the main building. She enjoys a few hours' peace there in the morning before driving to her New York office. These hours she devotes to a book she is writing about her father.

This is the scene which the Soviet consulate chose for its exploit of rescuing Oksana Kasenkina from the clutches of "White bandits." The people they had to deal with were the quiet, scholarly Socialist Zenzinov and Tolstoy's daughter, working among the poor and the humble whom Tolstoy loved. The symbolic significance of this need scarcely be stressed. But sitting there with Alexandra Tolstoy in the Reed Farm office, I could not help mentioning it to her. Everything was at peace again in the small world which, for so many, including myself, has meant security and shelter. Upstairs, in the chapel, they were singing vespers. The quiet August dusk was descending over the Hudson. I was in America, but I was also in Russia, at Yasnaya Poliana, for Alexandra Lvovna was speaking to me of her father, of how he taught brotherly love and manual labor, as the surest way of leading man toward Christ. Then returning to present-day events, she spoke of Kasenkina, and how she had been that day removed from the critical list. "Indeed," she said, "in that terrible plunge, *she did not dash her foot against a stone.*"

The Communist Manifesto

A Hundred Years After

Waldemar Gurian

"A SPECTRE is haunting Europe—the spectre of Communism." This provocative sentence opens "The Communist Manifesto" which Frederick Engels and Karl Marx completed a few weeks before the February Revolution of 1848, thereby fulfiling a commission given in November, 1847 by the congress of an obscure and small Communist League that had met in London. The Communist spectre whose power the "Manifesto" proudly announces by making it responsible for a "holy alliance" between "Pope and Tsar, Metternich and Guizot, French radicals and German police spies" has proved to be a long-lived one. It was not exorcized by the defeats of 1848 and of the Parisian Commune in 1871, nor did it become a respectable, unaggressive, and accommodating gentleman with the rise of the Second International and its socialistic parties before World War I. It became very active again after the victory of Lenin's bolsheviks in the November Revolution of 1917, which established the Soviet régime. In 1918 the new masters of Russia accepted the name of Communists, and in 1919 they founded the Third International—the Communist International, designing to spread the Communist gospel everywhere and to prepare Communist uprisings.

Today, the spectre of 1848 has a world power at its disposal. The masters of the USSR openly proclaim their acceptance of Marxian Communist doctrine, and *Izvestia,* the official organ of the

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Supreme Soviet, bears at its masthead the slogan with which the "Manifesto" ends: "Proletarians of all countries unite."

"The Communist Manifesto" is beyond doubt the most widely read writing of Marx to whom, "solely and exclusively," Engels, the co-author and friend, modestly ascribes "its basic thought" (the preface to the second German edition of 1883). True, Marx corrected some over-simplified statements in *"Das Kapital."* True, the preface to the German edition of 1872 admits that "here and there some detail might be improved," and that "the application of the principles will depend on historical conditions." But the same preface also asserts that "the general principles laid down in the 'Manifesto' are on the whole as correct today as ever." And it is no accident that parts of the "Manifesto" are reprinted in the programme of the Communist Party of the USSR.

The lasting importance of the "Manifesto" consists in the fact that it has formulated a general socio-political trend and that it has made conscious a fundamental attitude which has survived all defeats in practical politics and all changes in practical demands. "The Communist Manifesto" is the powerfully formulated creed of a secular religion, of a political and social atheism, of a mythology presented as science. Thus, it cannot be refuted and destroyed either by criticisms of detail or by learned proofs that it contains no original idea. The emphasis upon the class struggle, for example, can be found in the literature of the English radical labor movement of the thirties, in the articles of the Chartist O'Brien, and in the Manchester *Poor Guardian.* Even the theoretical formulation of the principle of the class struggle can be discovered in the works of Lorenz von Stein, who, in the forties, described for German readers the importance of French socialist movements. The general approach, as Marx later said, characterizing his method in the preface to the second edition of *"Das Kapital,"* is "Hegel's dialectic turned upside down." Hegel's view of history as a manifestation of the absolute idea is replaced by Marx's basic thought "that economic production, and the structure of every historical epoch necessarily arising therefrom, constitute the foundation for the political and intellectual history of that epoch" (Engels). The concept of the proletariat as the class whose mission consists in establishing the new, perfect, classless society—as the class which will end all exploitation—can be traced back to literature before Marx, which was known to him and to Engels. Nor is it difficult to point out over-simplifications and erroneous predictions about coming trends. Marx had not yet become, despite some work in economics, the careful student of economic theories which he was in the years when he prepared the publication of the first volume of *"Das Kapital."* The "Manifesto's" sections which deal with socialist literature are very much dated (as Marx and Engels themselves admitted in 1872). There is the belief that bourgeois society must accept free trade. Lenin had to add the analysis of imperialism, of the new developments in the period of monopoly capitalism, and even his analysis, based on some hints of Marx, but drawing heavily from the works of Hobson and the anti-communist socialist Hilferding (written during World War I), is antiquated today, and not capable of explaining the rise and success of fascist and nazi totalitarianism.

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The foundation of the "Manifesto" is an Hegelian one. History is a process of necessary development. But it is not the idea that propels one stage of development to another. The driving forces are material-economic needs. For Marx the analysis of concepts does not matter—only the analysis of economic systems, of the organization of production. This organization appears in the form of class-relations. To quote again Engels' characterization of Marx's and the "Manifesto's" basic thought: "Since the dissolution of the primaeval communal ownership of land, all history has been a history of class struggles, of struggles between exploited and exploiting. . . ." Hegel's peoples and great men are replaced by the classes predominant in the types of society that follow one another.

"The Communist Manifesto" does not develop the concept of a strictly-organized party which will rule with iron authority and determine what is the right theory and practice. But the seed of this concept, realized in the Soviet régime, can be found in the "Manifesto." Its communists have the absolute truth, they know the present and the future, whereas those who disagree are either living in the past or insufficiently criticize the past—that is, they do not evaluate the *rôle* of the bourgeoisie correctly and misjudge the necessary development. This Hegelian absolute knowledge of the meaning of history and of its periods is called "scientific" by Marx-Engels, whereas their opponents are presented as utopians. Marx-Engels and their communists do not believe in ideals, but in facts and necessary developments; they do not realize that their schemes may be wrong. Marxist utopian "scientism" thus justifies a limitless intolerance and a feeling of superiority to everyone who dares to disagree or even not to agree. The bourgeois conscientiousness is a deformed one. "The Communist Manifesto" speaks "about eternal laws of Nature and Reason," but the bourgeoisie identifies "the social forms springing from the present (bourgeois)

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mode of production and form of property" with these eternal laws. The Communists know the absolute truth, the past as well as the present and the future—and therefore the political and social struggle assumes for them an inhuman totalitarian character. There is no room for the clash of political opinions. The initiates of Marxist truth must smash all their adversaries and everyone who prevents their progress. The adversary is not a man who errs. He is an evil force fighting against "the eternal laws" which history will realize perfectly in the Communist society, the free association of men with maximum productivity. The very identification of an inevitable social and economic development towards Communism with the fulfilment of human nature, that is, freedom and justice in all human relations, must end in a most ruthless inhuman behavior.

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The judgments of Marx-Engels (later on of Lenin-Stalin) are regarded as absolute and infallible judgments. Marx and Engels spoke and wrote with the utmost dislike and limitless hate for everyone who questioned their insight into the march of history and their political pronouncements. They had no power to jail and to execute—a power which Lenin and Stalin obtained and amply used. The scheme of social development as seen by the "Manifesto"—the rise of the proletariat and its fight against the bourgeoisie, ending with the seizure of political power and the transformation of the "executive agency of the bourgeoisie," the state, into a free association which will abolish the rule of private capital, after having "expropriated the expropriators" (the formula used in *"Das Kapital"*)—this necessary development justifies all the means and maneuvers of war. Those who are against this scheme are against reason and nature. They must be educated. If they prove beyond education, they must be eliminated. The humanitarian aim of Marx's views justifies mass terrorism. This terrorism is not the unsystematic protest of desperate individuals. As Lenin correctly saw, it is a means to accelerate the necessary evolution which requires the use of violence, regulated only by expediency, against all the real and potential enemies of those who work for the coming of the classless society. The revolutionary character of "The Communist Manifesto" which has so often been emphasized must be seen as an expression of its belief that it proclaim absolute, that is, "scientific" knowledge about the inevitable objectively-required development and about the ultimate fulfilment of reason, human nature, and the just society.

"The Communist Manifesto" is a religious document. It is the creed of absolute secularism. The aim of mankind is a self-sufficient collectivity in which individuals as well as groups find their satisfaction, one may say, their salvation. Religion is criticized as corresponding to the particular conditions of man's material existence. Man's traditional ideas will disappear with the Communist revolution. Christian asceticism is attacked, manifestly because it rejects *this* world, a rejection which coincides with the interests of those who criticize the bourgeois world from the wrong and anachronistic point of view of past societies. The atheism of Marx—expressed more explicitly in some of his other writings, particularly of his youth—is not an individual doctrine, but the expression of the self-sufficiency of Communist classless society.

"The Communist Manifesto" is the expression of absolute socialism which Novgorodzev correctly opposes to relative socialism. Relative socialism regards socialism as a means of social reform and change, whereas absolute socialism is based on total and all-embracing views of men and society. Socialism and communism are the necessary forms of society, and they involve the perfect realization of justice and the satisfaction of all human needs.

The development of the socialist movement has not corresponded to the prescription of the "Manifesto." The Western and Central European Socialists did not accept the absolute socialism of the "Manifesto" as the credo for determining their policies and practices. Their socialism was a relative one, a basis for some social reforms, and for national policies which take into account the masses and their importance. Only in Russia did Marx prevail—not due to the proletariat, but due to intellectuals and semi-literates who accepted the schema of the "Manifesto" as an answer to all questions, excluding all doubts, and justifying all actions. Favored by the collapse of traditional society, they came into power and by exploiting, under the leadership of Lenin, the growing anarchy, erected a totalitarian régime, for socialism puts unlimited power in the hands of those who rule. They control not only politics and economics, but they also determine public opinion, for they know what is the necessary and right development. The proletarians of the world did not unite—but even though the Socialist movement was split and weakened by the existence of the fatherland of all working masses, the USSR, the USSR established a real power-platform for the revolutionary transformation of society. The complicated formulas of Marx have been simplified, and he lives today in the USSR only in the interpretations of Lenin and Stalin. He has retreated into the background, though he cannot be completely dropped, for he was the authority for Lenin whose disciple, Stalin, is the present master of the USSR.

"The Communist Manifesto" lives today not

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so much on account of its details, but as an expression of a negative attitude toward the capitalist order, of a prophetic insight into its weaknesses and failures, and as a general program of secularized, thoroughly worldly religion. In its slogans and appeals it has taken up the belief in progress and combined it with an external rejection, full of feelings of superiority, of the social and political aspects of the bourgeois world. It is apparently coldly objective in its scientific analysis of the laws of society, and at the same time enthusiastic in its preaching of justice and indignant about inhuman behavior and exploitation. It is also a great document of the enlightened evolutionary secularism characteristic of the nineteenth century. It has survived into the twentieth century, because it scorns the hypocrisy of the bourgeois world and justifies totalitarian policies, the absolute control by those who know, by the Communists, the men who succeeded in Russia, and therefore hope to succeed in a world torn by dissensions and uncertainties, for they are sure of what to believe and what to do. They have the scientific formulas, the stereotypes to justify the expansion of their power and their tactical retreats. It is not the detail that matters, but the certainty that their power corresponds, as "The Communist Manifesto" announced one hundred years ago, to the laws of history. The inhumanities of the totalitarian régime do not change its claim to be *the* humanitarian régime—for it is justified by its character as the necessary instrument for the future of classless society freed from exploitation and fulfiling all the potentialities of human nature.

The victims of the present are the involuntary auxiliaries of the coming perfect society. The revolution described in the "Manifesto" cannot be accomplished quickly and soon. Its various "moments" do not matter, what matters is the end.

Marx claimed to be right and scientific even in his most personal disagreements and polemics. His world history was always on his side. For he made it—sometimes, but not always, grasping future developments as the great student of a secularized society, anxious to replace individual self-interest by a correctly calculated, organized, collective interest. He believed in the realization of a paradise here on earth, eliminating all political power and the causes of war and violence. His dreams have helped to justify a reality quite different from his visions of the future, but his analysis has also promoted an understanding of the weaknesses and fallacies of modern society. He surely has not the answers—but he helps to ask questions. "The Communist Manifesto" is the work of a great teacher who is a prisoner of his prejudices, which he regards as self-evident and scientific. It is both the product and the condemnation of a society inclined to believe that external rearrangements of society will solve all issues. The "Manifesto" raises the issue of the relation between eternal truths of social life and the particular forms under which they appear. Its fundamental shortcoming is the concentration upon partial aspects of man and society. It remains enclosed by a world which knows only a reduced man and not the whole of human nature with its limitations and with its greatness.

A Scientist Reads "Das Kapital"

Anthony Standen

IT IS extremely easy to criticize and "explain" Marx; it is impossible to explain him away. It is easy to find fault with *"Das Kapital,"* in style, arrangement, logical presentation, almost anything, and yet there it is, roaring and bellowing to us across the gulf that separates us from the nineteenth century, with dire prophecies that are horrifying in their precise application to the present.

There have been economists who have said, in effect, "He may be all right in his interpretation of history, but we cannot accept his economic ideas," and there have been historians to reply, "We cannot judge of his economics, but we certainly reject his interpretation of history." And yet neither economics nor history will ever be again as if he had not lived. The manner of presentation of "Capital" can be irritating, with its long digressions and ponderous slowness, yet the scheme of the three volumes is magnificent on a grand scale. The style of Marx receives much more blame than praise, and though the technical economic sections are heavy reading, the descriptive passages of the horrors of industrialism, and the mordant denunciations of his enemies, are superb examples of rhetoric in the highest sense. It may be possible to criticize Marx, but it is odd that he is so often criticized for entirely the wrong reasons.

A physical scientist, studying "Capital," is likely to give his attention to the theory of value, which bears more resemblance to his own field

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than other aspects of Marx's ideas. Here, at any rate, is mathematics, and a physical scientist is at home with mathematical treatments. Marx, and also Engels (let us consider them together, since so much of their work is interwoven) delighted in mathematics. They loved to produce algebraical equations, turning them this way and that and exhibiting all the variations. There is something sophomoric about their pleasure in algebra for its own sake. To say this is of course not necessarily to make an adverse criticism of their train of thought, but a scientist often finds himself wishing that at least one of the two had known either a lot more mathematics or a little less.

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Reading "Capital" is a tough job, and on starting it one is apt to be given wrong advice. "Be sure to give very careful attention to the first chapter. It is very difficult, but its full comprehension is essential for an understanding of the whole work." This is not so. The first chapter contains some definitions which are indispensable, and also simple, but for the most part it consists of philosophical subtleties which are unnecessary for the main argument. *Value* is defined: the value of a product is the number of man-hours of labor socially necessary to produce it. There is, it is true, some difficulty in fully grasping the import of the qualification "socially necessary," but once this is clear the analysis is, or at any rate ought to be, fairly straightforward. But a question arises at once; is the treatment of *value* to be descriptive or "normative"? ("Normative" is a word much in vogue among scientists nowadays to express the idea of what *ought* to be, as opposed to a statistical average of what *is*.) Since Marx declares, likening himself to a Newton of economics, that his final purpose is "to reveal the economic law of motion of modern society," one would expect that the treatment would be descriptive. Yet the choice and the persistent use of the word value serves to bring in very strong normative connotations. All objective description of the workings of the capitalist system is obscured by this red herring of value-as-what-ought-to-be, and any clear-minded ethical discussion of the defects of the system is complicated by this ambiguity in the principal term used.

Most of Marx's readers are probably more interested in ethics than in mathematical economics, and they do well to stop, as they usually do, at the end of Volume I, for at this point Marx's castigation of capitalism is, if not complete, sufficient to damn it at least three times. Steady reading through volumes 2 and 3 is required of the scientist who wishes to arrive at the law of motion of modern society. Briefly, it is claimed that the labor theory of value shows that the rate of profit made by capitalists must constantly fall lower and lower. The competition for profits then drives the capitalists to expand their markets, seeking new backward areas of the world for colonial exploitation, and increasing their rapacity at home.

The conclusion that capitalists have a perpetual tendency to expand their field of activities, and to exploit more people more intensely, is entirely in agreement with observation, and this is the main requirement that a scientist makes of any theory. But it is disturbing to notice that, in the course of the analysis, mathematical equations are used that are dimensionally incorrect. This is a rather simple mathematical mistake, but since is it not (as is most mathematical sophistry) introduced very unobtrusively in an early chapter, but on the contrary is blazoned on almost every page of the book, it has an extraordinary knack of escaping detection. What is read so often is accepted as true. The error consists in treating *value,* which as defined must be measured in man-hours or comparable units, as if it could be added or subtracted from quantities expressed in currency units, such as pounds or dollars. A conversion factor is required before this can be done. This conversion factor cannot be found in Marx's writings, since he was unaware of the necessity for it, but it can be developed very easily from the basic concepts of Marx's theory. When it is applied, the whole analysis reduces to nothing but a tautology; it tells us that something is equal to itself. The followers of Marx do not see this. (An objection of this general nature is recognized as valid by Sweezy, in "The Theory of Capitalist Development; Principles of Marxian Political Economy." The claim is there made that the same result can be reached by an independent analysis, but this is Sweezy, not Marx.)

The critics more often dash their heads against Marx in vain by attacking him on his strongest (and most easily misunderstood point), the careful words "socially necessary" in the definition of value: impartial readers, although they may feel a decided sense of bewilderment, are apt to blame themselves for not rising to all irrelevant Hegelian subtleties of the famous first chapter. And yet, Marx's ultimate conclusion, the necessity for the capitalist system to expand continually, *is* true, so that Communists, who are empirically minded, can bid us accept the conclusion and never mind the niceties of mathematical logic, which are a *bourgeois* predilection anyway.

Even stranger is the economic analysis intended to explain the recurrent cycles and crises in the capitalist world. If Marx could have had the benefit, in his education, of some of the theory of electric circuits developed later in the nineteenth century, he could have seen more clearly what is required for proof of the instability of a system. A system is unstable if a slight change in one direction produces a reaction which

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moves the system further *in the same direction*: it is stable if the reaction is in the opposite sense to the original change. Now it may be true, in the economic system, that a slight rise (or fall) in profits brings about a reaction tending to make profits rise still higher (or fall still lower). If it is true (and economists are still arguing about it) it affords some sort of explanation of business cycles. But it does not follow from the labor theory of value. Marx seems to be saying, throughout many weary pages, "The rate of profit falls continuously, therefore it must fall discontinuously, sometimes falling very rapidly, at others actually rising for short periods." But here again, why quarrel with the analysis so long as the result is right? For that business cycles do take place, and are exceedingly harmful, is beyond question. Indeed this horrible instability of the capitalist system is perhaps its very worst feature. If it could be always 1928 things would be—well, far from ideal, but perhaps tolerable, but it is the ghastly prospect of another 1931 that makes us say—"never again."

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It is as if Marx worked, not by rational analysis, but by an extraordinary intuition. He put his finger on the exact points of the capitalist system that are most vulnerable now, making an ethical judgment of a system in which nothing gets done unless a motive can be found for it based on greed, and the practical criticism that a system that is inherently subject to convulsions is intolerable anyway. One might even be tempted to forgive him his lack of rigorous logic in backing up the results of his intuitive insight. And yet logic has its place too, and is not thrown away with impunity. Without logical thinking nothing can be known to be right or wrong, and in Marx there is a decided similarity to that baffling quality of modern communists that makes it impossible to reach any genuine meeting of minds. Words do not seem to have the same meaning, or rather, they seem to have no meaning at all, in the old-fashioned sense of a strict denotation, but only a shifting, evasive mass of connotations. A "contradiction"—is not a flat contradiction, it is just two things that are antithetical in any vague way. A proposal for political action is "correct" or "incorrect," as if it were a proposition that could be true or false. "True" and "false" come to signify nothing more than agreement or otherwise with the decisions of the Politburo. It is this abandonment of reason that makes our planet for the time being fundamentally split into two worlds. And on our side of the iron curtain, it is humiliating and salutary to see with what uncanny insight all our present difficulties were foreseen, nearly a hundred years ago, by Karl Marx.

Marxism from Another Angle

IGNAZIO SILONE

MARXISM started out as a method for the analysis of social conditions. Almost immediately, however, the brilliant deductions resulting from that analysis led to a dogmatic ideology in every sense of the word. From method to ideology; therein lies the decadence of Marxism.

The word "ideology" seems to have been invented by Destutt de Tracy*, to designate the "world of ideas." Karl Marx always uses it in a single pejorative sense. The word has never been highly respected. The deplorable way in which Marxism is defined today as the "ideology of the proletariat," and the constant use of such terms as socialist, communist and democratic ideology, etc., rings false and confusing in our ears. They *justify* themselves only as a means of defining an abstract train of thought devoid of content. In short, the real meaning of the word ideology is "Man with his head in the clouds": a soul "nourished with wind" as Dante would put it. It would be foolish, however, to deny that the word can be used to describe a unity of the sociological, historical and political concepts which form the structural foundations of the socialistic, communistic or democratic positions. Truly, the political field of the Left presents us with word spinnings of doubtful utility, if not actually detrimental to a concrete political analysis; and a substantial number of concepts carried over from the last century, which seemed of eternal value when they were formulated, are now blurred generalities, or, when closely scrutinized, untenable dogmas.

In the field of democratic socialism this false position is less noticeable than in related currents because of the greater freedom of thought which prevails in the socialist parties of democratic

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* Jefferson to Adams, October 14, 1816: "Destutt de Tracy is, in my judgement, the ablest writer living on intellectual subjects or the operations of the understanding. His three *octavo* volumes on Ideology, which constitute the foundation of what he has since written, I have not entirely read; because I am not fond of reading what is merely abstract and unapplied immediately to some useful science."
Adams to Jefferson, December 16, 1816: ". . . 'Three volumes of Ideology': Pray explain to me this Neological Title. What does it mean? When Bonaparte used it, I was delighted with it, upon the common principle of delight in everything we cannot understand. Does it mean Idiotism? The science of *non compos mentism?* The Science of Lunacy? The Theory of Delirium? Or does it mean the science of self-love? Of *amour-propre?* Of the element of vanity?"
Coming upon this correspondence I find myself agreeing with Adams, and so, I think, would Silone. TRANSLATOR'S NOTE.

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countries, such as the British Labor Party and the socialist parties of Scandinavia, Switzerland and even France, where, owing to the prevailing freedom of thought, the party is not bound to a rigidly formulated program, but works through parliament; it does not insist on a definite political doctrine and even less on obligatory atheism. In all recognized socialist parties will be found, beside the large number of Marxist fellow-travelers, adherents of every established creed—Christians and Jews, as well as Positivists, Pragmatists, Kantians, etc., while the rank and file, as always, face the great problems of meta-economies and meta-politics with indifference. As far as we can judge by the evidence we have at hand, the liberation of political socialism from all ideological orthodoxy seems to have gone farther in the German following of Kurt Schumacher than anywhere else.

It is easy to see what an advantage that liberation from Marxist orthodoxy is to Socialism. The philosophic and religious agnosticism of the party does not bind its members in any way. In the above-mentioned countries, socialists are not forced to be luke-warm or diluted Marxists, Christians or Kantians; all that is asked of them is a little tolerance for the believers in other creeds or philosophies. Tolerance is so widespread in the aforementioned civilized countries that the unity of the socialist party depends on a united will, rather than a united creed.

It is worth pointing out that this lack of prejudice has never endangered the unity of these socialist parties. (Rather, it is freedom of thought which makes unity possible.) When dissensions occur, the dividing line is never between Christians and Circumcised, or between materialists and idealists, but on the conflicting ways and means to bring a proletarian organization into practical life. One can note with satisfaction that the "confessional," or strong Marxist groups, were never proof against inner discord and attack.

We are familiar with the historical background that caused Socialists in Latin and Central European countries to align themselves with radical democrats and become rigid in their Marxist or Positivist formulas as they fought against clericalism and religion. But there are many symptoms, even in these countries, of a wholesome growth towards religious and intellectual freedom. The change has come about in hidden, underground and silent ways, as usually happens in such cases; that is to say, more through instinct than understanding. For example, in Latin countries the ban has been lifted forbidding members of the Socialist Party to attend Church services. In numerous Italian districts, particularly in the country, there are many Socialists and even Communists who go to Mass on Sunday and thereby no temple has been destroyed and, even more important, no Socialist foundation has been shaken. And yet, not long ago, if a member gave permission for the Confirmation of his daughter, he caused a great scandal, and could be dismissed from the party. There were also socialist districts where in order to testify to their complete liberation from clerical obscurantism, they held meat banquets on Good Friday. To have left behind such childish practices is a definite step forward.

The Marxist ideology of the Third International is also in full retreat. Debates on the meaning of Marxism, as between Lafargue, Jaurès, Sorel, Bernstein, Kautsky, Max Adler and Otto Bauer would be unthinkable today. Socialism has no urge in that direction. It has other bones to pick. Both the Marxist and anti-Marxist controversies are dead. The irreconcilable enemies of Socialism realize that a refutation of Marxism is no longer a refutation of Socialism. It is now self-evident that Socialism, like all profound historical movements, contains its own reason for existence, and, though from time to time it will support certain theories and ideologies, it can never, for better or worse, be enslaved by them or, even more important, be identified with them.

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In modern times we have seen Science change every thirty or fifty years. Vastly larger will be the period of history occupied by Socialism. We can confidently assert that we are only at the beginning of a long curve of development. Utopia and Science will always disturb the soul of Socialism, but as we have said, Science can change every thirty or fifty years, whereas Utopia can survive indefinitely—as long as unrest disturbs the heart of man. A party that depends on scientific ideology is in grave difficulties when the formulas become old-fashioned every few decades. Must we, therefore, abandon the ideology of progress through experiment? How then? A political party is not a scientific arena. It is naïve even to think of a party as scientific. Such a party would only impress high school students; but if a party cannot be a "Tribunal of Truth," it can achieve even less by being a guardian of graves. The only possible use of a scientific party lies in making possible complete freedom of unprejudiced experiment.

In the history of Socialism, Marxism will hold an important place as being useful to Socialism at a given period of history. In its broadest and most enduring sense, Socialism is the struggle of the poor for Social Justice, and to abolish political and economic privilege. On this it stands; and on nothing else. Socialism, seeking its mighty goal, wanders in the labyrinth of ideological "isms" and often goes astray, loses its strength

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or is untrue to itself by assimilating false and completely alien elements. For this reason it is necessary to make a fresh start and take a new and fluid inventory of the conditions of the social question. This requires a freedom from prejudice that socialist leaders do not always possess, clinging, as they do, to formulas learned in their youth. Outside of the aforementioned principle, the abiding greatness of Socialism lies not in this or that theory, but in the existence of the proletariat.

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Everyone can see the sad failure of ideology in the contemporary phase of the political battle. What hard work it is to see the various problems awaiting solution as a whole. How hard to convince the divergent forces of the necessity of cooperation. The ideologies play the same rôle between the parties as war does between states. They clarify nothing, they are only weapons in the battle. It is also clear that the ideological parties are also "confessional" parties. Impatience with political Catholicism does not always derive from a spirit of freedom but often from dogmatic "clerical" rivalries. We will never have a truly modern secular state as long as ideological parties exist. There will always be charlatans whose interest it is to share similar rôles with others.

Problems of social well being and community life lose themselves in fruitless chatter, while waiting for some great solution. Fruitless talk leads inevitably to violence. How lovely it would be if we could ever separate, once and for all, the banking problem from discussions on the divinity of Christ, of the origin of matter.

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE: *The above article appeared in a number of* Schweizer Rundschau *devoted exclusively to the subject of communism. The leading article by the editor, Siegfried Streicher, is sharply critical of Silone's hope for the future of Socialism. In the opinion of the translator, this criticism is of considerable value.*

"Disagreeing with Silone, we do not believe that Socialism, any more than any other political party, will be able to divorce itself from all ideology. Wherever there is ideology, the Christian is obliged to be critical.

"Christian brotherly love depends on men, our neighbors but never on ideologies or systems. On this proposition we must be adamant. Even if socialism has freed itself from the Marxist orthodoxy of communism, it is still in no way Christian. Silone's 'truly secular state' resting on socialist foundations can hardly, by its very nature, realize the Christian ideal of a state, notwithstanding that such a state might conceivably give living room and freedom to the Church."

GABRIELLE CHANDLER.

CATHOLIC INTERNATIONAL NEWS

CATHOLIC INCREASE IN PROTESTANT REGIONS OF GERMANY

Cologne, 8/24 (CIP)—The latest statistics about the number of Catholics in various parts of Germany show that the mass migrations and mass expulsions of the last years have caused a tremendous increase in areas which formerly were almost exclusively Protestant. In the Magdeburg area of the Paderborn Archdiocese, for instance, the number of Catholics increased from 150,000 to 700,000, in Saxony from 209,000 to 725,000, in Thuringia from 132,777 to 428,078, in Osnabrueck from 467,908 to 1,041,000, in the Diocese of Fulda from 204,807 to 406,753. In the Berlin area, the number of Catholics increased from 620,000 to 650,000, in spite of the fact that 120,000 Catholics were among those who left the city because their homes had been destroyed.

In most of the areas mentioned above the number of priests has also increased, because of the arrival of a number of refugee priests, but there is nevertheless a considerable clergy shortage. In the Magdeburg area, for instance where the number of Catholics has grown from 150,000 to 700,000, the number of priests increased only from 150 to 285, in the Osnabrueck Diocese, where the Catholics increased from 467,908 to 1,041,000, the number of priests went up only from 613 to 820. The shortage of church buildings, meeting halls, etc., is even greater than the shortage of priests.

RUHR "NATIONIZATION" SPLITS CHRISTIAN DEMOCRATS

Cologne, 8/21 (CIP)—Negotiations for a merger of the Center Party with the Christian Democratic Union have broken off. The break caused by the vote in the Legislature of Northern Rhineland-Westphalia on the nationalization of the coal mines. Members of the Center Party voted with the Socialists and Communists for the socialization bill while the Christian Democrats abstained from voting in order to indicate that they do not oppose the nationalization of the coal mines in principle, but disagree with the provisions of the bill. Christian Democratic leaders are now claiming that the leaders of the Center Party, Mr. Brockmann and Dr. Spiecker, broke a promise made to the Prime Minister that they would wait for the Christian Democrats to present a greatly improved bill.

The end of the merger talks has created disappointment in the Catholic Labor Guilds which had urged an end of disunion between the two political parties, both of which are Christian Democratic. Many Christian Democrats consider the Center Party as "leftist" because its members have frequently voted with the Socialists and Communists. The Center Party, on the other hand, claims that the Christian Democratic Union, although it has some "progressive" members, among them Prime Minister Arnold, is in fact run by its "reactionary wing."

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The CDU President for the British Zone, Dr. Konrad Adenauer, is often identified with this "wing."

Dr. Adenauer himself, speaking at a meeting of delegates from the Ruhr area, declared that it is a "lie" to say that he sabotaged socialization. "I have only expressed my energetic opposition to any plans which would place in the hands of Socialist Party officials economic power greater than that of the capitalists in the years before 1933," he declared.

The Center Party apparently considered the recent vote as a choice between nationalization and unbridled free enterprise. The Christian Democratic Union is opposed to State control and control by political bosses, as well as private control, seeking a form of organization which would divide control among various groups to safeguard private initiative and avoid any excessive concentration of power.

INDONESIAN CATHOLIC PARTY

The Hague, 8/17 (CIP)—The first Party Convention of the Catholic Party in the Republic of Indonesia (Partai Katolik Republik Indonesia) has just been held at Djokjakarta, the capital of the Republic. It approved "in principle" the policy of the present Indonesian Government. It also adopted a resolution expressing the wish that the Catholic Youth Organization of Indonesia (AMKRI) shall discontinue all political activities. AMKRI has been accused of lack of prudence in its cooperation with national and international organizations which, in fact, are Communist-controlled.

"INTEGRATION" OF AFRICA'S NEGROES

Cape Town, 8/21 (CIP)—Criticism of the government for not giving negroes sufficient opportunities of economic advancement is not enough, South Africa's leading Catholic weekly, *The Southern Cross,* edited by Father Owen McCann, stated in an editorial, July 7. "In a truly democratic country people do not wait for the Government to lead the way. They do it themselves."

"Some of the blame must be borne by the ordinary businessman and employer," the editorial said. "He could often, if he really wanted, employ non-European staffs for stores and business-places in non-European areas. He could often arrange to take on non-European apprentices with very little extra trouble."

On the other hand, "the trade unions have much to say in this matter. . . . Some seem to have at least a tacit color bar, as if they were trying to reserve certain skilled trades for Europeans only. The opposition of some union circles to the training of natives as building artisans, which we discussed some time ago, seems to us morally wrong as well as narrow-minded and unnecessary, because the need for such workers is urgent and the danger of unfair competition with European artisans very remote. The time has come, we think, for unions to open the door of opportunity to all."

Mere education, *The Southern Cross* declared, will not change the situation; "it must be accompanied by opportunity, especially occupational or vocational opportunity in which it (the education) will be of use."

The Screen

Keep Slugging

BY THE very nature of movies, they do their best when they portray action. Unfortunately, action in films has almost come to mean violence, and right now there is definitely a trend toward violent movies. The four latest entries illustrate well how exciting this violence can be; but their subject matter makes one wonder if they are worth their weight in celluloid.

"Sorry, Wrong Number" could have been a very good movie, but Lucille Fletcher, who wrote this famous radio play, also wrote the script for the film and wrote and wrote and wrote, until its original, simple theme (about a neurotic invalid who overhears a murder being planned and suddenly realizes that she is the intended victim) spreads all over the place and loses most of its sharp suspense. Director Anatole Litvak has injected some very lively cinema and uses the camera well to convey the horror through which this bedridden woman goes. But even Litvak's direction does not compensate for the verbose script that gets involved in too many flashbacks and detailed plot. The acting is of a high standard throughout: Barbara Stanwyck as the mean-spirited woman who gets the husband she wants and then developes a neurosis to keep him; Burt Lancaster as the husband who finally realizes at what price he's been bought and then attempts to use murder as a way out; Ann Richards as the other contender for Burt's affections, and a whole series of supporting players who aid and hinder the leads through their weighty problems. In spite of the film's length and insistence on wandering off on tangents, the suspense at times is terrific; and the tough finale packs a real wallop.

There are a whole series of wallops in *"Red River,"* a new "western" magnificently produced and directed by Howard Hawks on an epic scale. The scene and photography are beautiful; and the action sequences, the riding, fist-fights, battles with Indians, cattle stampedes, etc., fairly bulge with excitement and suspense. But once again a film's greatest weakness lies in its script. This one by Borden Chase and Charles Schnee has a lot of dialogue that would never be spoken by man or beast; and some of the angles to the main plot have not been well motivated—principally the love stuff, which is rather silly, and the characterization of the big-shot cattle baron whom we are supposed to like at the end in spite of his ruthless handling of people and his complete disregard for the lives and limbs of not only his enemies but also his employees. John Wayne plays this rôle exceedingly well, but let's call a spade a spade, and if our heroic cowboy is a heel at heart, let's consider him a heel at the finale instead of accepting him as a lovable old codger. Montgomery Clift turns in an outstanding performance as the young man who has been adopted by Wayne in a sort of a son-partner relationship. Clift is particularly good in those scenes in which he coldly sees through the older man's dealings with other men. Walter Brennan, John Ireland and Joanne Dru are impressive

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in the large supporting cast who have to write, talk and fight tough to keep up with the action. I'm sorry that this film didn't have a better script (perhaps the editing is partly to blame, too), for visually "Red River" is quite unusual. The long drive on the Chisholm Trail is so real that you feel you are enduring its hardships yourself.

"Coroner Creek," a thrilling "western" in Cinecolor, carries the rough stuff and violence even one step farther and really boils down to an exercise in brutality and revenge. Randolph Scott is bent on killing the white man who led the Indians in a stagecoach holdup that resulted in the death of his fiancée. After a long series of fights, brawls, battles, he gets his man. Somehow by doing so he also wins the heroine (Marguerite Chapman). No doubt we are supposed to be exhilarated by all this eye-for-an-eye philosophy put into action, but I was so exhausted I fell in a heap.

Script trouble seems to be affecting a lot of movies these days. No doubt when Walter Wanger started planning *"Tap Roots,"* he had some good ideas for a picture. Certainly the main story, based on James Street's novel about the Mississippi community which sided with the North instead of the South in the Civil War, is full of potential cinema fare, but as produced and directed by George Marshall the whole thing turns out like a crowded soap opera dressed in crinolines. Most of the dialogue belongs to the fireman-save-my-child school and the situations are straight melodrama unrelieved by plausibility. Van Heflin and Susan Hayward, two movie personalities who are usually quite intelligent in their rôles, don't even have a chance with these lines and situations; and the supporting cast gets lost in a welter of hokum. The picture comes to life in a big way in the battle scenes, but unfortunately by this time I was so buried under magnolias and all the gush about the Dabneys of Lebanon that I was in no position to appreciate a good honest scrap in the marshes, even though Technicolor was used effectively to heighten the horrors of war.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

The Sword of Honor

In spite of all its skill
The hand is formed to seize,
The hand is a savage thing . . .
The limb is formed to spring,
The throat for more than words—
Above the fairest green fields still
Circle the fournecked birds.

How walk the world with honor
When life is flesh and bone
And time that builds up the child
At last unbuilds the man—
How see that the deepest love
Does not do deepest wrong
And that the sword of honor not
Lay waste the young and strong?

TOM BOGGS.

Books

Gandhi's Autobiography. Public Affairs Press. $5.00.

THIS is a new version of Gandhi's famous autobiography, revised by himself. But readers who like to learn about the political activities of the greatest Indian of our times, may be warned that this book, written in a British prison during the years 1922-24, tells his story only up to 1921, or, in other words, tells only the prelude to the years when his history was a part of world history.

The autobiography is a literary form unknown to the East except among those who have come under occidental influence. It is characteristic that Gandhi followed a practice peculiar to the West: he was educated in England and deeply influenced by the western atmosphere; even his first knowledge of the great Indian poets and thinkers came to him by way of the editions of British scholars. Though Gandhi seems very Indian to the western mind with his loin cloth and his spinning wheel, he seems very western to the conservative Indian in his fight for the interests of the Untouchables and his fervor for an Indian nationalism, European style. It was his historical mission to stand between two civilizations and two ages. Only a man of such stature was able to bring India's revolution to success.

Gandhi was the most spiritual among the political leaders of his time. His religious life was much more spontaneous and ostentatious than that of such Christian contemporaries as Salazar or Dollfüss. To the Indian masses he was first of all a religious personality, the "Mahatma," the Great Soul, and his political efforts seemed only secondary. For Gandhi himself there were no boundaries between politics and other fields of action; they all were nourished by his devotion to Truth and he claims "that those who say that religion has nothing to do with politics do not know what religion means."

To describe Truth as it has appeared to him and in the exact manner in which he has arrived at it is the main effort of his autobiography. As it is for the most part a spiritual story there is no room for self-praise. He tells his inner life and some of outer phases of his life in a very simple and sober way that stands in greatest contrast to the flowery sermons of Buddha and other famous works of Indian literature. The matter-of-factness of his narrative seems to me also one of the results of his European background.

Almost every chapter of his autobiography proclaims his doctrine of "Ahimsa," the renouncing of force. In his humbleness he admits that his striving for Ahimsa may have been imperfect and inadequate but he is dogmatic about his conviction that a perfect vision of Truth can only follow a complete realization of Ahimsa. Only by self-purification are we able to identify ourselves with the life outside of us—God can never be realized by one who is not pure of heart. This is the point on which Gandhi's Hinduism comes closest to the teachings of Christ.

Occasionally we find in Gandhi's autobiography a puritanism far removed from Hindu mentality—certainly another product of his English schooling. It is interesting to learn how much he was impressed when he came to Paris, for this first time in his life to a Catholic city. Until then he had believed that kneeling and prayer were mere superstition, but when he saw the dignity and reverence of the faithful kneeling before the image of the

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Virgin, he understood at once. He felt that their kind of worship was not detracting from, but increasing, the glory of God.

To me one of the most interesting chapters of the book is the dilemma in which Gandhi found himself at the outbreak of the First World War. Should the proclaimer of Ahimsa declare open resistance to the war and boycott the Empire until it changed its military policy? Should he seek imprisonment by civil disobedience? Or was it better tactics to participate in the war on the side of the Empire and thereby acquire the capacity and fitness for resisting the violence of war? Gandhi chose the third way of compromise and he explains this decision in a very interesting way. Though we have to strive after Ahimsa we helpless mortals are caught in the conflagration of Himso, the destruction of life. The very fact of our living—eating, drinking and moving about—necessarily involves some Himsa. The very existence of society involves us in Himsa. Therefore we cannot live without compromise. "Whilst in England I was enjoying the protection of the British fleet, and taking shelter as I did under its armed might, I was directly participating in its potential violence." Thus Gandhi thought that participating in the guilt of war was permissible in order to develop strength for the fight against war. This is very close to the argumentation of the Catholic moralists of the 17th and 18th centuries.

There is a remarkable atmosphere of kindliness and love in Gandhi's autobiography. You feel not hatred against those who offended him or threw him into prison. "Hate the sin and not the sinner" is no abstract precept but the prevailing sentiment of his life story.

It is Gandhi's conviction that there are no stronger arms in the world than the force of will. It is by our purification that we learn to fear only God and cease to fear men. With fear gone there can be no hatred. There are many details, especially about the treatment of Indians in South Africa, that may be boring for western readers, but as a whole this autobiography of a Hindu, translated from his native Gujarati, is to me a most fascinating book.

MAX FISCHER.

The Cleft Rock. Alice Tisdale Hobart. Bobbs. $3.

AT ONE TIME or another, Alice Tisdale Hobart has dealt in fiction with the economic troubles of China and Mexico, and in this work she continues to display her versatility at what might be called the novel of economic geography. Only this time she stays closer to home. The area under examination now is California's Central Valley, the long heartland of the state, running from Mount Shasta to the Mojave. For this fertile and desert-like valley, the most important natural resource is water, and consequently the search for water and water power is the first worry in the daily affairs of farmers, large landowners, private and public utilities concerns and politicians. This matter is a very big problem indeed, and to bring it to life for her readers, Mrs. Hobart would have us take up with the Dodds family and see the thing as they do.

But the Dodds don't all see eye to eye on this issue. Jeremy, the father, is an unscrupulous, wicked-and-wealthy private power owner, whose son Edward spends most of his time trying to make up his mind whether to listen to the old man or to follow the family's more liberal left-wing, whose sympathies are for the little people and for government control of water and power through the Central Valley Project. Edward gets off to a bad start with his father by marrying, in Manchuria, a White Russian girl, Katya Suvorov, whom Jeremy refuses to admit to the family, and whom Edward therefore divorces—finding it a bit hard to eat and defy his father at the same time. Katya and her son Peter take up small farming in the valley, and Edward goes into politics at Sacramento and Washington, where he alternately supports the small farmer or the big interests, depending on which way the wind blows his feeble will. Edward is, at best, a difficult personality for the prominence he has in this novel.

The main thing Mrs. Hobart has to say is this: large landowners and private power capitalists are slowly gobbling up into huge holdings the richest land in the valley, and through devious means they are monopolizing the deep-well water supply under the valley floor. This is forcing the small farmer into servitude to the "robber barons," who maintain themselves through scheming politics in Washington. Katya and Peter, the small farmers, have all their efforts come to naught when they turn up with dry wells and bankruptcy brought on by the private-power Dodds and their friends. In the end, Peter devotes himself, as a government official, to the fight for public water power as the only means to save small farms and economic democracy in California.

To make this thesis, Mrs. Hobart has the Dodds family involved in everything from the United States Senate to child delinquency among California's itinerant farm laborers. However worthy its thesis may be, "The Cleft Rock" is, as a novel, a tiresome performance. Burdened with a grim social-economic message, the novel becomes a political vehicle, without humor; Mrs. Hobart maneuvers her characters and situations like someone playing chess, and not very slyly, at that. She never really gets "inside" her people, and frequently the reader has a hard time following their capricious moods and changes of soul: Edward, the Senator, can come into the Senate chamber doggedly determined to vote for the big interests, when, all of a sudden, at a wink from his father in the balcony, he sees the light, senses that he is becoming a political stooge, and briskly votes the other way. Or, as in the case of Katya and John, Edward's brother, Mrs. Hobart has her characters fall in love conveniently, and without any previous motivation, at the drop of a sentence or two. Given such shining moments of soulful conversion as these, it's pretty hard to stay free of melodrama.

Mrs. Hobart has cluttered her plot with too many things in "The Cleft Rock"; wrapped up in some awkward dialogue and didactic trappings are the results of her long researches, to deal with all of which would take a more agile hand at the art of the novel.

It seems to us that Mrs. Hobart has found much the same thing to say about California's Central Valley water fight that Frank Norris said, a few years ago, about California's early railroaders in "The Octopus," his fictional indictment of the railroad robber barons. And she says it in much the same way, with a touch of melodrama, but without Norris's kind of realism, and, we think, without his fervor. At any rate, if you care to suffer a little, these two books may expose to your view a rather nasty picture of California's social travails, but not much in the way of good fiction.

EDWARD F. MEAGHER.

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James Joyce: Two Decades of Criticism. Edited by Seon Givens. Vanguard. $5.00.

WRITERS, of particular vitality combine in their work an acute individuality which, in turn reflects and expresses the qualities of the period in which they live and work. So complete is this identification that to write of a literary artist, such as James Joyce, without summarizing the period and forces that largely determined his special characteristics, leads to a confusing and incomplete estimate of him, one that intensifies the enigmatic character of his style, as exemplified in "Ulysses" and "Finnegan's Wake." For Joyce was a complete artist and that kind of a creative worker reveals aspects of life, somewhat undercurrent in character and of sweeping power, that later openly manifest themselves so that all become aware of them and of their capacity for good and evil. The possession of this power for prophetic and revelatory art is the mark of creative genius and its most particular indication. The current American manifestation is in the work of Frank Lloyd Wright in whose romantic Celticism there is more than a mere resemblance to Joyce, for that cannot be said to exist. The affinity of these two unique talents lies, rather, on a plane where spiritual factors may be said to function.

While the critical matter contained in Miss Givens' assemblage of writing on Joyce cannot be said to satisfactorily establish his connection with its period (I do not mean only the period covered by his life time) it is a rather remarkable grouping of critical material. A book of this kind which contains matter by Eugene Jolas, Richard Levin, T. S. Elliot, Philip Toynbee, Vivian Mercier, Edmund Wilson and Stuart Gilbert could not be other than interesting and significant. These and the other writers who are represented are more than an effective list of names important in criticism. In many cases they have brought to their consideration of Joyce's symbolic writing an enthusiasm that links well with a detached critical attitude. This is notably so in Philip Toynbee's article.

While most of us have assumed that "The Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" was a naturalistic work, transmuted into a piece of literary art, Hugh Kenner, in his contribution, makes a rather fair case for its consideration as a symbolic work. To restate this, he instances the naturalistic material and gives a symbolic interpretation of it. While this may have been Joyce's intention there is reason to suspect that much of the interpretation derives from Mr. Kenner's anti-clerical bias. It becomes rather too complete and label-like to associate well with Joyce's subtlety. In a word, it is unpoetic and that suggests not so much Joyce as an interpreter who is supplementing Joyce, and to his own heart's desire.

BARRY BYRNE.

The Town Below. Roger Lemelin. Reynal. $3.

THIS novel of life in the Lower Town of Quebec has an importance which may escape the American reader unfamiliar with French Canada. It is the first French-Canadian novel to deal realistically with the urban life of a region which has only recently become more urban than rural, and which has persisted in confining its literature to idealistic pictures of an outmoded agricultural way of life. Because of unfortunate delays in translation, the book comes to American readers after Gabrielle Roy's "Tin Flute," for which it broke the ice in Quebec. But it is a far more original and honest work than that

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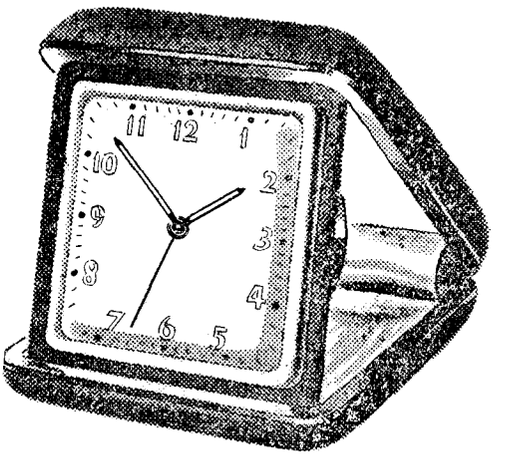

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adaptation of Georges Duhamel's technique to the French-Canadian milieu, and deserves a greater success. Any American who has passed rapidly through Quebec on a hectic vacation tour should read it as a sound corrective for the romantic and pseudo-historical vaporings of the tourist bureaus about "quaint, picturesque Quebec, an island of eighteenth century France in twentieth century North America." Lemelin has painted French Canada as it really is: a swarming, tumultuous society in transition, questioning the old loyalties and uncertain of its values in the new social order which has suddenly been thrust upon it by the surrounding "Anglo-Saxon" world. Its sharp satire affords evidence of the coming of age of French-Canadian culture, and suggests a brilliant future for its young author. Unfortunately, the translation leaves much to be desired, and the introductory note by the translator confirms the impression given by the text that he is more familiar with France than with French Canada.

MASON WADE.

Find Me In Fire. Robert Lowry. Doubleday. $3.00

TO begin with, Jim Lowry has returned to Doanville, *the* Doanville, mother of Average Americans. Jim Miller is a veteran who has had a leg shot away and cannot forget it. Everything the townspeople say to him strikes the wrong note. The inevitable glass of whiskey comes into play and our man finds himself with a woman of ill-repute who forces him to show her his artificial leg. When he leaves her he accidentally meets a little girl who has grown up since the war years, a little girl who has ideas too far in advance of those of the townspeople; she would like to go to the university, she would like to see the equality of all races, and she has that buoyant but undirected energy possessed by all those who want much but do not know how or where to begin.

The little girl's best friend is the town intellectual, a Jewish girl whose only break from the monotonies of Doanville has been four years in college. Miss Aaronson is naturally a socialist and she inflames the little girl with the temptation of living in a world where all are free. She influences a negro student who almost fires the town in a burst of pyromaniac joy. The ex-soldier has the young girl, the woman of ill-repute, and the socialist librarian in succession, decides Doanville is not for him, brings the dislike of all the others into sharper focus against him, and leaves the town forever with the biblical curses of his old aunt on his head. Nothing has succeeded, nothing has come out well for him. He is a veteran and therefore the world has not treated him right. Nor can he treat men well after seeing what he has seen in this citadel of American rural life.

Foreign writers have said that American literature seems to abound in cliches of plot and of motive which nothing seems to change. If it is not a Main Street psychosis it is a Freudian complex in a Louisiana swamp, the self-tortures of precocious adolescents in any one of the small villages of our country, and last, but certainly not the least, the self-questionings of discharged veterans.

This may seem a gross exaggeration at first. One can point to the French novel and drama to see the tragi-comedy of avarice or the results of marital infidelity presented time after time. We are not the only ones who revert to pot boilers in plot and subject matter. The fact nevertheless remains that we are witnesses to a recent avalanche of stories and tales about the disappointments, conscious and unconscious, of men who saw military service in the American army. This may well be just another *point de depart,* just as surely as Main Street and William Faulkner have served as inspirations for the creative talent of America since the era of disappointment which followed the first world war. One may well wonder why it is that all they can do is recriminate with themselves and with the ideas of the times, why these men, writers and soldiers, have not become stronger, why it is that they wallow in a bathos of unfulfilled hopes and complaint when the times have never been better for men of force and good will. One wonders after reading these novels by men who were soldiers, after all, whether or not Mussolini was right when he asserted that Order, Hierarchy, and Discipline were necessary to make men.

Yet, Mr. Lowry cannot be accused of writing badly. One must say that he writes very well indeed. In addition to his technical excellence has has more than a modicum of that tenderness and sympathy which only a great writer, not a piddler with human emotions, possesses. Mr. Lowry is extremely convincing when it is a question of agreeing with him that life is a harsh taskmaster, but he is a representative of that school of young talent which trusts in a salvation through a maudlin humanitarianism and therefore has nothing of that strength of individuality which is not necessarily Nietzschean but is certainly a compulsion to the inner clarity which Paul of Tarsus would have required. If a group of men write in a certain fashion time after time, they are certainly the products of a way of life which has

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nurtured them in certain directions. We did not lose this war, we won it. To read the new war literature one would think that eleven million men had been done the greatest injustice for having had to save their lives, their freedom, and their dignity through their own efforts.

ROBERT HAWKINS ARVIN.

Northwest Corner. Photographs by Henry Sheldon. Introduction by Stewart Holbrook. Doubleday. $3.95.

TO TAKE his publisher's word for it, Henry Sheldon "has mirrored the true essence of Oregon and Washington" in the photographs making up his book, "Northwest Corner." And many of these pictures do indeed catch the subtlety and spirit of the land; they include not only the usual snow-topped peaks, mountain lakes, rivers and forests of the region, but they show us also the stake-and-rider fence, covered wooden bridges, water wheels for irrigation, deserted towns, sternwheelers, fishermen, loggers and Indians. All in all, together with Stewart Holbrook's introductory words about the history and background of the Northwest, this is something more than a mere collection of pretty scenic views.

The real value of such a book would seem to depend upon the photographer's success as an artist, which is, to do more than to record the contours of his subject; his job is to suggest to the reader that indescribable sense of place which belongs to the "true essense of the Northwest." To us, Mr. Sheldon's efforts—as advertised—fall a little short of their objective: his photographs abstract too much from the commonplace and even drab aspects of the essence of any region, and his book consequently takes on the tone of a somewhat refined, neat and handsome pictorial guide for the traveler or student of geography.

E. F. M.

Village Greens of New England. Louise Andrews Kent. Photographs by Arthur Griffin. F. Barrows. $3.50.

A LOT can be said about New England villages and their greens. Mrs. Kent describes "their neatness, grassy margins, fresh white paint, open dooryards, great feathery arches of elms, and the impression of houses both sunned and shaded." But she talks mainly of their beginnings and development, and one does get a sense of history of New England towns from her informal sketches of people and places and the local gossip of individual villages. She goes from green to tavern chattily and expands on architecture, pewter, cooking and pillories at will. Her local legends and stories are amusing and interesting and include excerpts from such as Oliver Wendell Holmes and Madam Sarah Knight, who made the trip from Boston to New York in 1704.

Though the author's approach to New England is a bit sentimental at times, she has odd and interesting pieces of information. The last chapter lists many of the greens with brief notes about each. Arthur Griffin's numerous black and white photographs add a great deal to the book.

ANN HUNTER.

Woman With a Sword. Hollister Noble. Doubleday. $3.00.

BELIEVING that Anna Ella Carroll of Maryland had not received due credit for her services on behalf of the North in the Civil War, Hollister Noble has written a long novel of 395 pages in an effort to correct

KNEE-DEEP IN LITTLE GIRLS

was the way **Msgr. Knox** found himself, when his peaceful retreat in the country (where he was quietly translating the Bible, and doing no harm to anybody), was suddenly invaded by an evacuated convent school. Those children must have been quite a change from the Oxford undergraduates to whom he was chaplain for so long, but when he got over the first shock he seems to have been fascinated by the new kind of congregation he was faced with every Sunday. Anyhow, we have to thank the bombing of London for one of the best books he has ever produced: one series of the sermons he preached to them, **THE MASS IN SLOW MOTION** ($2.50). He spoke straight to the rows of pink faces in front of him, brought their own lives and particular problems into every sermon: you can see them grinning or looking solemn as you read. But don't make the mistake of thinking this is just a book for school-girls; it's a superb book for anybody at all who would like to be taken step by step through the Mass, with a view to understanding it better, and so loving it all the more. If you want a hint, the staff here fairly fought to read the proofs. . . .

The first volume of the **OLD TESTAMENT**, by the way, on which **MSGR. KNOX** was working when he was invaded, does not seem to have suffered. It will be published on October 29th, and if you want it, please do order it now: we are getting nervous about whether we have ordered a large enough first printing. You may remember that we didn't on his New Testament, and how furious everybody was when it went out of stock almost as soon as it appeared. This first volume is about half the Old Testament (Genesis through Esther), looks like the Regular edition of the Knox New Testament, has 750 pages and costs $7.50.

THE PRIEST AND THE PROLETARIAT ($1.50) by **Robert Kothen** is published today, and is a good follow-up book if you liked Father Henri Perrin's **PRIEST-WORKMAN IN GERMANY** ($2.50). It is about what else is going on in France by way of getting the priests to the people and the people back into the Church. We shouldn't wonder if one or two of the new methods they are trying out wouldn't be useful over here—strayed Catholics are not unheard of in America after all. . . .

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the injustice. Some readers will perhaps accept completely the author's point of view; others may not be altogether convinced. There seems very good reason to believe that Miss Carroll did have a considerable influence on many policy makers in Washington. Senator Benjamin Wade of Ohio gave her credit for many of the most successful plans used by the War Department. The author believes that sound evidence indicates that Miss Carroll, more than any other person, outlined the Tennessee Plan, which began to operate successfully in the West in 1862. Grant is not given credit for devising the plans for taking Forts Henry and Donelson. Senator Wade also stated publicly that Miss Carroll planned the campaign for capturing Island No. 10 and also the one for taking Vicksburg.

Good accounts are given of Civil War battles; detailed recitals are given of Cabinet discussions as the author believed they took place; Buchanan is condemned as heartily as Lincoln is praised; Stanton and Grant are dealt with favorably. You will get vivid impressions of the war tensions from this book, even though you may not accept all the inferences and conclusions of the author.

PAUL KINIERY.

Early Tales of the Atomic Age. Daniel Lang. Doubleday. $2.75.

A GREAT number of Americans knew all along that something very secret was going on in Oak Ridge, Tennessee, but few of them knew the truth. Wild guesses floated around—the plant was making nylon stockings, plane parts, paint to make airplanes invisible. And on the day President Truman first announced the bomb, newspapers inside Oak Ridge were sold at a dollar apiece to people who wanted to know what they had been working at.

These are some of the things Mr. Lang tells us in a clear, dead-pan *New Yorker* prose. The book is a collection of stories that came out in that magazine—the atom bomb reduced to human terms. The book is ***not*** about nuclear physics, it is about the people around the Bomb.

Several facts are memorable. First of all, the elaborate security measures, carried out by a special atomic counter-intelligence corps. Considering the number of people involved in the work, the number of leaks was small. The leaks came mostly from innocent outsiders, such as the Congressman who in his ignorance mailed copies of his speech on atomic energy to his constituents, and a famous newscaster, who talked about what he obviously did not know. The joke was on him: the counter-security men, as alarmed as they could be, discovered that the public had paid no attention to his words. A lot of people carried their secret well, and it takes an almost superhuman cleverness to be a good atomic spy.

Mr. Lang tells about his encounters with the honest men lobbying for the Federation of American Scientists in Washington—alas to deaf ears. The scientists are no match for the politicians. They seem to think that their unremunerated efforts might influence the course of events, but their office is in a garret—a symbol of how little the lawmakers care to learn from the men who know. Senator Bricker of Ohio, for instance, a member of the Joint Congressional Committee for Atomic Energy, arrived at Los Alamos at 2:30 one afternoon, and by 5:30 he had completed his field work and was gone again.

Now Alamogordo advertises itself as the "Home of the Atomic Bomb, Center of Rocket Development." Los Alamos is a comfortable town too, with all the coziness of home. Experimental rockets go into the air, progress is made on the Bomb, and a lot is learned about the stratosphere. By contrast, Brookhaven on Long Island, where atomic energy is studied for peace time use, is a very small operation.

This book could not be more interesting, or better.

NIKA STANDEN.

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